

Remember Me

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Summary: Next Generation Fic. James Sirius Potter develops a deadly sickness. It's terminal and throws Harry for a loop. What can Harry do so that his son can live?

Remember Me

Hello! I'm not sure why I had this on the brain, but I do and I had to write it. This is a little one-shot with **_CHARACTER DEATH**_** plus a smattering of **_**boy/boy**_**. BE WARNED!**

Disclaimer: Sadly, I will never own HP. That belongs to JK Rowling.

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><p>James Potter gripped the letter in his hands. He had been waiting for this letter for days. Waiting to see if it bared good news or bad news. He took a deep, shuddering breath and slowly glanced down at the wrinkled paper. His eyes moved over the letter and when he neared the end, a single tear fell down and hit the paper.</p>

He heard laughter from outside and looking out his window, he could see his family starting their usual pick me up game of quidditch. Normally he would be out there as well, but he knew this letter was coming and wanted to read it in private. So, he told his family that he had summer homework to work on and trudged up to his room.

He smiled despite his tears as he watched his family. Albus was talking with their mum while their dad was showing Lily a new seeker move.

James tried to swallow past the lump in his throat. He was only seventeen, not ready to leave his family behind. There was still so much that he wanted to do. His dreams, that would now only stay dreams. Ever since he was young, he had wanted to play professional

quidditch like his mum and through his hard work was one of the best chasers on the Gryffindor team. In his upcoming last year, the scouts would come but not for him.

His road ended here.

He would never even know love or the wonder of having a family. He sniffed and slowly sank to the floor as he started to cry in earnest. He pulled his knees to his chest and laid his head down, crying that life was unfair.

He blinked and wondered when his life had started going down a different path than he had ever envisioned. It had started his fifth year. He remembered it well. It was after a quidditch practice and James along with his best friend Jackson Wood, were heading to the locker rooms to put the equipment away.

Just as they were about to get to the door, James suddenly felt dizzy and needed to lean against the wall for support. Not only that, James was finding it hard to breath and he could hear his heartbeat pumping harder and harder as he struggled for air. Then all of a sudden, it had passed and James blinked in confusion on what had just happened.

"James? Are you alright?"

James turned to Jackson, "yeah, I'm fine. It was nothing."

Jackson narrowed his eyes and James knew that Jackson didn't believe him. Thankfully, Jackson chose not to say anything and just went about James in his normal manner. James had thought that was the last of it, until a few weeks later to his horror, he had started coughing up blood.

It had happened in the middle of the common room and James had made a beeline for the dorms, away from prying eyes. Namely, his family. He didn't want Rose or Dominique or worse, Lily to know that something was wrong with him.

He closed his eyes as he heard the door open.

"Jamesâ€¦what happened?"

It was his other best friend, Kyler White. "Jackson is having a hard time keeping Fred out of the dorm."

James wanted to curse. His cousin Fred II was in the same year and same house. He had forgotten that small fact in his haste to get away from the more intelligent folks of his family. He wiped his mouth, hoping that the blood was gone and pulled his curtains back. "It was just a little coughing fit. I'm fine now."

Kyler narrowed his eyes and James wanted to curse fate. Why did he have friends who always seemed to know when he was lying.

Kyler closed his eyes, "I won't force you to tell me what you're hiding, but I'm here if you want to talk."

James stood up and moved until he was directly in front of his friend, "thanks Ky."

The rest of the year went by and nothing happened, so James had assumed that he was fine. Then sixth year came and threw that out the window. Around Easter time, he had a relapse and both Jackson and Kyler dragged him to Madame Pomfrey and demanded that he get looked at.

It didn't fail for them to notice that James wasn't eating as much and was much skinner then he was normally and he had a perpetual cough that wouldn't go away.

He remembered her grim face as she waved her wand. His insides grew heavy with anguish and he knew it wasn't good. He glanced up at her as she pursed her lips, "what's wrong Madame Pomfrey?"

She shook her head, "I'm not sureâ€|you have swollen lymph nodesâ€|which can mean a number of things but you also haveâ€|" she trailed off as she muttered, trying to figure out what was wrong with James.

Kyler coughed from beside James, "I think I know what's wrong and if I'm correct, then there is no cure."

James paled and stood up, "what do you mean?" Though in his haste to stand up, it showed just how weak he really was and he stumbled. He would have fallen if not for Jackson, who gripped him by the arms and helped him stand. James whipped around and glared at Kyler, "what do you mean?"

Kyler swallowed nervously, "Jamesâ€|you have the same symptoms as my uncle hadâ€|" Kyler looked miserable, "he died of lung cancer a year ago."

The room froze. Lung cancer. The name reverberated through James's head over and over again. Cancer. The incurable disease in both the muggle and magical worlds. James took a step back shaking his head, "noâ€|you can't be right. I'm only sixteenâ€|to young for cancer. Besides, how would I have even gotten cancer in the first place?"

Kyler sighed, "I don't know. I'm only telling you my thoughts. You won't know until you get tested."

James didn't know what to do. The one thing he did know was that he didn't want his parents to know just yet. He turned to Madame Pomfrey, "pleaseâ€|don't tell dad and mum."

She shook her head, "Jamesâ€|Harry and Ginny have a right to know. They're your parents."

James pleaded with her, "pleaseâ€|I promise I'll tell them on my own timeâ€|please."

She regarded James for a few seconds then closed her eyes, "fine. Mr. White is correct though, you need to get tested."

So, that was how James found himself with Jackson and Kyler at a muggle hospital in London over the Easter break. James froze as he glanced up at the hospital. They always made him nervous, they always had, especially when his dad would be admitted to St. Mungo's.

Kyler placed a hand on James's back, "come on. It won't be bad. Me and Jackson will be with you every step of the way."

James swallowed nervously, "thanks." He allowed himself to be pulled into the waiting area of the hospital and he sat in a chair while Kyler went to sign him in. After a few minutes, Kyler walked back over with a clipboard and pushed it into James's hands. "Here, you need to fill this out."

James looked over the form and Kyler chuckled, "I'll help." James got through the end of the form without any major mishaps and now was waiting for his name to be called. He was so nervous, he almost missed his name being called and began what James was beginning to think of as his walk of death.

James sat down on the bed and was almost positive that the doctor blanched at James but it was gone before James could really analyze. James was put through a series of tests and then taken to a back room where they did what the doctor called an X-ray. Once that was done, the doctor left him in the small room and at some point both Jackson and Kyler had joined James as they waited for the diagnosis.

James suddenly needed to cough and one hand gripped the chair while the other one covered his mouth. Deep, hacking coughs attacked his body and he could feel the blood through his fingers. He vaguely heard Jackson and Kyler trying to help but it was no use. He finally stopped and leaned back, looking at his two best friends weakly, "heyâ€|don't give me that face. I'll be alright." Kyler and Jackson both frowned. They didn't believe him.

After a few minutes, the door opened and the doctor walked back in and looked grim. He took one look at James and sighed as if it only strengthened what he was about to say. "I'm sorry to say this to one so youngâ€|but it's true. You have lung cancer. You'll have to come in and do more tests so we can determine how far along you are."

James mutely nodded. Even he understood the hidden undertone. The unanswered question hanging in the airâ€|how long did James have left to live?

The tests were scheduled for later in the week and when the time came, James found himself back at the hospital. The tests were done and the results would be mailed to James at a later date.

James pulled himself out of his memory. That had been in early April. His attention was directed once more to the letter that spelled out the reason for his tears.

James Sirius Potter, at age seventeenâ€|had terminal cancer.

* * *

><p>Harry took a brief look towards James's window before he turned to Ginny, "do you think something is wrong with James?"</p>

Ginny looked up from her book and frowned, "Harryâ€|I think you're looking into this to much. James is just doing his homework."

Harry frowned, "but Ginâ€|James never misses the chance to play quidditch."

Ginny eyed Harry with a look that told Harry to wisely shut up. He leaned back against the tree and inwardly thought about what could be wrong. Could it be relationship problems? Harry inwardly winced, if so, then Harry wasn't the best person to seek help from. He looked over at his other two children, maybe they would know.

Just as he was thinking that Albus flew down and landed next to his mother. He kissed her on the cheek and then propped his broom over his shoulder, "I'm going to Scorpius's."

Now that was something Harry had never seen coming. Albus was friends with Scorpius Malfoy. Harry had to swallow his pride at that, he had a tentative truce with Malfoy both Ginny and Astoria had made sure of that.

Albus saw his dad's face and sighed, "dad. Scorp isn't that bad."

Ginny glared at Harry, who blushed, sputtering, "that's not what I was thinking about Alâ€|"

Albus rolled his eyes and snorted, "yeah right. I've got to go."

"Harry!" Ginny hissed.

Harry dropped his shoulders and held up his hands in defeat. Lily plopped down next to Ginny and smiled up at her dad, "Al can see right through you. You do know that you're going to have to get over who his dad is."

Harry whipped his head around to gaze at Lily, "it can't be that serious. They are only sixteen."

From beside Harry, Ginny snorted. "Really Harry. You are still so dense at sometimes. Al and Scorpius have been an item since they were thirteen. I believe that Astoria has already spoken to Draco about it."

Harry gulped. He knew a losing battle when he saw it. He would just have to swallow his pride and learn to live with Draco Malfoy. Granted, the man wasn't nearly half as bad as he was in school, but there were still things to consider.

He scowled as he caught wind of what Ginny was saying, "I just think that you like to argue with Malfoy. It gives you a rush of adrenaline."

Harry closed his eyes and stood up, "that is not true and you know it Ginny."

Both Ginny and Lily smirked up at Harry, who turned around and ran away ignoring the laughter behind him. He decided to see what James was doing. Making his way up the stairs as he neared James's room, he heard a horrible hacking cough. Harry froze and paused at the door just listening. That cough did not sound healthy.

After a few minutes, Harry heard the coughing stop. He waited a few more minutes and finally he opened the door a crack and peeked in to see James sleeping on his bed. Harry was quiet as he moved to sit at the edge and carded his hands through his son's hair.

James liked to wear his hair long and Harry smiled in remembrance. James would have these huge arguments about his hair with his mom and it was only when Ron had made a comment about Ginny acting like Molly had she stopped.

It seemed that James could sense that someone was here because he shifted ever so slightly so that Harry could get a better look at his face. Harry frowned. James seemed much more pale then he ever had and Harry could also tell that James had lost weight.

His eyes caught sight of something gathered in James's hand and Harry carefully pulled out the wad of tissues. His eyes widened at the huge amount of red that stained the tissue. That was blood. Why would James be coughing up blood?

James was definitely hiding something.

Harry leaned forward and kissed James on the forehead and decided to speak with Pomfrey and McGonagall. They should have some idea on what was happening. Standing up, he made his way to his office and grabbed the floo powder and called for McGonagall.

He stuffed his head in the fire and smiled at his old teacher. She was sitting at her desk, going over a huge amount of papers. A teacher even during the summer. She was absorbed in the paperwork so Harry coughed to get her attention.

She glanced up and smiled, "Harry. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Harry grew serious, "I wanted to speak with Pomfrey? Do you mind if I come through?"

Professor McGonagall shook her head, "not at all. I presume this is about James? How is the boy?"

Harry frowned and stepped through, "what do you mean?"

Her eyebrow's arched, "ahâ€|then he hasn't told you."

Harry's insides grew cold. Something was wrong and it had to do with James. "What's wrong with my son?"

Professor McGonagall pursed her lips together, "let me get Pomfrey. She'll know more in detail." McGonagall stepped over to her fire and called for the old but still kicking Matron of the infirmary.

A minute later, Pomfrey stepped out and taking one look at Harry, grew serious. "Soâ€|he finally told you. That's a relief." She handed Harry a folder but paused at the look on Harry's face. "Did James send you?"

Harry was now more confused than ever. He shook his head, "what's wrong with James?"

McGonagall and Pomfrey shared a glance then McGonagall motioned to a chair behind Harry, "you might want to sit down for this Harry."

At the way both Pomfrey and McGonagall were looking this had to be bad news. Pomfrey waved at the folder, "you should read those."

Harry glanced down at the folder in his lap and slowly opened it. After a few minutes, his face paled and he gripped the folder hard. His heart started thumping in his chest and his brain was telling him that this had to be impossible. "There'sâ€œ how is this possible?"

Pomfrey sighed, shaking her head. "I am sorry, Harry. It must have come from Lily's side."

If possible, Harry clenched the folder even harder. If that was true, then this was his fault. He was the reason that James was dying. He suddenly found that he wanted to see his son so he abruptly stood up and stumbled to the fireplace. He was so shocked that he didn't even say goodbye to McGonagall or Pomfrey.

He didn't even remember the trip back or the fact that he blew off both Ginny and Lily. The only thing on his mind was his son. James was in the exact same spot that Harry had left him in and Harry fell to his knees beside his son and grabbed James to his chest as he buried his face in James's hair.

The movement awoke James who lifted his hand to grip Harry's shirt. Harry could feel James shaking and with the quiet sniffling, Harry knew that James was crying. Harry finally pulled back and looked at his son with worry, "how long has this been going on?"

James wiped his face and looked away, "since fifth year."

Harry gasped. "James. Why didn't you tell anyone? Do you think so little of your mother and I-"

James shook his head, "what was I supposed to do!" He was beginning to yell, "do you think I wanted this to happen? Do you think I want to leave you and mom? Or Al and Lily? Or anyone in my family? I'm scared andâ€œ" he broke off as he sobbed, "I don't want to die."

Harry held up his hands in an effort to calm James down. He didn't know much about cancer patients but getting worked up and angry was probably not the best idea. "Jamesâ€œ pleaseâ€œ calm down. Everything will work out."

James deflated and fell back on his bed, "don't say that dad. You saw the papers. I have terminal cancer. It's spread andâ€œ" he trailed off and he rolled over to his side away from Harry.

Harry began to card through James's hair, "I promise you. Everything will work out fine." He leaned over and kissed James, "go to sleep and know that I will always love you."

Once Harry was sure that James was asleep, he figured the next thing would be to tell the family. From what he remembered it appeared that James only had less than 3 months to live. He made his way to the

kitchen where he could hear Ginny and Lily. Ginny would need to be told and then a family meeting would be called.

He stopped and leaned against the kitchen door just watching his two favorite girls. Lily turned around and smiled at her dad, "hey dad."

Ginny heard this and glanced over her shoulder. She frowned when she saw Harry's serious face and figured that something was up. Harry came over and kissed Lily on the cheek, "hey love. Do you mind giving me and your mother a few minutes?"

Lily screwed her mouth together, thinking for a few minutes and then nodded. "Sure thing dad. I'll go see if James is up."

As she bounded out of the kitchen, Harry grabbed her arm stopping her. Both her and Ginny stared at Harry who shook his head, "James isn't feeling well and needs his rest. Why don't you go outside?"

If either Ginny or Lily thought this request was odd, they didn't voice it. Lily shrugged her shoulders and ran outside, presumably to find her cat.

Ginny crossed her arms and glared at Harry. "What's going on Harry? You've been acting weird all day."

Harry closed his eyes and simply handed the folder over to Ginny. He opened his eyes and saw that Ginny had gone pale, gasping in shock. "Noâ€|there's no way."

Harry shook his head, "it's true. I saw the evidence myself."

Ginny began to tear up and Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her to his chest. She began to cry, "what are we going to do? James isâ€|"

"Shhâ€|it will be alright Ginny." Harry whispered to Ginny, "I'm calling a family meeting." He kissed her on the cheek, "why don't you go and sit with James."

Ginny numbly nodded and Harry headed to the fire place. He knelt down and the first person he called was Teddy. Teddy was a healer and had married Victoire, who worked for the Ministry. "Teddy?"

Teddy poked his head around and smiled at Harry, "hey Uncle Harry. What's up?"

Harry chewed his lip, "I'm calling a family meeting. Can you make it tonight?"

Teddy frowned. He had really never seen his godfather so serious and wondered what had happened to make it so. He nodded, "both me and Victoire will be there. Your place?"

Harry nodded. He spent a few more seconds talking with Teddy and then proceeded to make the call to Molly and Arthur. "Hello? Is anyone there?"

Molly stuck her head out of the kitchen, "Harry dear. Is something wrong?"

Harry gave a tight lipped smile, "I have some news and am wondering if you can make it over to our place tonight?"

Molly instantly grew concerned, "of course."

Harry sighed in relief, "thanks Molly."

After Molly, he called Bill, Percy George, and Charlie leaving Ron and Hermione for last. "Hey, Mione? Are you home?"

"Harry? Is that you?" Hermione came out of her office and frowned at Harry. "What happened? Is Ginny alright? Are your kids?"

Harry closed his eyes with a smile. Hermione was still the only one who could see that Harry was hiding something. He glanced up and at her worried face, Harry faltered. "Do you mind if I come through?"

Hermione shook her head and moved back to allow for room. Once Harry had stepped through, Hermione took him into her arms and held him. "What's wrong Harry? What happened?"

Harry couldn't control himself and at her worried voice his restraints broke. He broke down in tears.

Hermione instantly grew worried and waved Ron and the kids away to give them some privacy. "Harry!"

"Hermione! I don't know what to do. James is! James is dying."

Hermione pulled back in alarm, "what do you mean James is dying?"

Harry took a deep breath, "he has lung cancer and it's terminal."

Hermione was shocked, "I can't believe this. Harry! I'm speechless."

Harry shook his head, "Hermione! I'm scared. James is my son and! it's my fault."

Hermione narrowed her eyes, "Harry James Potter! It is not your fault." Her eyes softened, "Sometimes, these genes skip generations. Have you told everybody?"

Harry shook his head again, "that's what I was here for. I'm calling a meeting tonight."

Hermione kissed him on the cheek, "we'll be there. Now go and get back to your family."

Harry gave her one last hug, "thanks Mione."

Harry made his way back to his house and saw both Lily and Albus sitting in the living room with forlorn expressions on their faces. Also, to Harry's surprise Jackson Wood and Kyler White were there as well.

Albus saw him and jumped up, "dad! What's going on? Mum all but demanded me to return from Scorp's house."

Harry raked his fingers through his hair, "you'll find out later. When the other's get here, make them comfortable in the living room."

Harry side-stepped Albus making his way back to Jame's room. Albus was slightly hurt, "dad?"

Harry stopped and glanced over his shoulder, "Al, I promise. You'll find out tonight."

As Harry neared Jame's room, he once more heard a harsh, hacking coughing sound but this time it was accompanied with something else. It sounded like James was thrashing about on the bed. He slammed open the door and was correct. James was coughing so hard that he was having a hard time breathing.

Harry ran to James's bedside and quickly turned James on his side so that the blood that was gathering in his mouth could be pushed out. James took a long, hollow breath and finally stopped coughing.

Harry conjured a tissue and handed it to James. The boy weakly took it and wiped his mouth. Harry then conjured a glass of water, "where did your mum go?"

James fell back on his bed, "mum got a call from work. She didn't want to answer it, but I told her I would be fine for a few minutes."

Harry handed James the glass of water. Ginny came in at that moment and came to stand next to Harry. She sat on the edge of James's bed, "I heard the coughing," she glanced up at Harry, "I told Robbins that I was taking leave."

Harry shook his head, "it's fine Gin." The noises downstairs began to grow in noise that said the family had arrived. Harry nodded his head towards the door, "why don't you go ahead Ginny?"

She nodded, kissed James on the cheek and then left to see to the family. Harry glanced down at James, "can you walk?"

James took a deep breath and swung his legs over the side of his bed. He carefully stood up and it seemed that the coughing fit had been too much. His legs wobbled and he fell back to the bed. James wanted to curse. He had never felt so weak in his entire life.

Harry ignored James's tears of frustrations and gently lifted James into his arms. James scowled but Harry only tightened his grip. While James might not like this method of transportation, it would have to do.

Harry paused at the foot of the stairs. He could hear Molly's voice asking Ginny what was going on. Teddy's voice joined and soon everyone was yelling at Ginny demanding what was happening.

"I don't want to do this."

Harry glanced down at James. "James. They're your family. They deserve to know."

James bit his lip, "I knowâ€|butâ€|I don't want to hurt anyone."

Harry gave a sad smile, "you have a heart of gold James, but sometimes, there's just no helping it. Our family is stronger than you give them credit to. We'll get through this."

"â€|Harry? Is that you? Did you find James?"

That was Molly. It was now or never. Harry pushed open the door to the living room and the room froze as it took in James who was in Harry's arms. It was clear that something was wrong with James. The last time his family had seen him, the boy had been the picture of health, but now he looked like death warmed over.

"Harry?" Molly whispered, "what's going on?" She turned to Ginny, "Ginnyâ€| "

Ginny looked close to tears and moved to her mother's arms. Molly was confused and didn't know what was going on or what was happening.

Harry glanced down at James, "do you want to tell them or should I?"

James seemed to be internally thinking. Within his family, he could make out Kyler and Jackson and the two seemed to give him strength, so he shook his head. "I want to do it. Set me down dad."

* * *

><p>Harry carefully set James down but still kept an arm around James to support him. James took a deep breath and looked over his family. There was his Uncle Bill and Aunt Fleur with Dominique and Louis. His Uncle Percy and Aunt Audrey with Molly and Lucy, standing next to them was his Uncle George with his Aunt Angelina. Fred was next to his sister Roxanne and giving James a dirty look. James ignored it and moved on, there was his Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermione with Rose and Hugo. His Uncle Charlie was standing next to Albus and Lily who both looked shocked at James's appearance. Finally he looked over at Teddy who was standing next to Victoire and Teddy didn't look happy. James figured it was because he was a healer so Teddy probably had some inkling of what was happening.</p>

James took a deep breath, "â€|I have cancer." There, it was out in the open.

The room had gone deathly silent. It seemed that no one wanted to make a move. Teddy surged forward, "is it terminal?"

James looked away and that was the answer that everyone needed. It seemed that the dam was broken. Albus got up and ran out of the living room. Rose gave an apologetic shrug before she ran out after him.

Teddy took a step back in shock, "how long?"

James closed his eyes, "less then 3 months."

Lily burst into tears as did almost every other female in his family. The men seemed to be in a state of shock and as for the children. Lily got up and ran out in the same direction as Albus did causing Hugo to get up and run after her. Dominque, Victoire, Louis, Molly, Lucy, Fred and Roxanne were to stunned to move.

Jackson Wood moved forward and wrapped his arms around his best friend. James buried his face in Jackson's shoulder and smiled into Jackson's arm when he felt Kyler hug him from behind. He would miss these two like crazy.

Jackson finally pulled away, "I should get back, but I promise that I'll come every day."

James nodded. "Goodbye Jackson." James hated this. It felt so final. Kyler sighed, "I should go as well." He smiled sadly at James, "it will be fine James." He gave James one last hug, "you'll see."

With his friends gone James suddenly didn't feel like staying here. His family were in various stages of grief and it was beginning to be to much for him. His dad must have noticed, "come on. Let's get you back to your room."

He helped James back to his room and James got ready for bed. His eyes closed as he heard his father cast charms that would warn him if James needed anything and the light was closed. James drifted into dream land.

He smiled as he felt soft hands carding through his hair. It felt nice, like the times his mum would do the same thing.

"Well, aren't you just the cutest. You're acting like a cat."

James didn't know this voice, so he quickly sat up and could only stare at the person before him. Even though he had never known her, he would know who it was instantly. "Grandmum?"

Lily gave a soft smile, "ohhâ€| I've always wanted to be a grandmother." She turned to shout behind her, "Jamesâ€|he called me grandmother."

There was a peal of rich laughter, "I heard Lily. Now move over so that I can meet him."

James blinked as his grandfather came into view. It really was like looking at a clone of his father, "granddad." He looked between the two, "I don't understand. Why am I here? I'm pretty sure that I'm not dead yet."

James and Lily shared a glance before Lily turned back to James, "a choice will be made." James blinked in confusion, "what?"

James shook his head, "you'll understand in time." He wrapped his arms around his grandson for the first time, "tell that blockhead son of mine that we love him and we'll see him soon."

James pulled back to look at his grandfather, "what? But dad's notâ€|"

Lily leaned forward and kissed James on the cheek, "it's time to go. We love you all so much and when it's time, we'll be waiting."

* * *

><p>Harry glanced down at Ginny. After he had put James to bed, he had gone to face the others. It had been a night of tears and anguish. The family hadn't wanted to leave but Teddy finally convinced them that James would need rest, but that hadn't stopped them from saying that they would be here during the day.</p>

The only one to stay had been Teddy. Harry was thankful. Teddy was the only one who seemed to be able to reach Albus and Lily as they were still upset.

Harry had done a lot of thinking during this time and he knew what he wanted to do. He quietly slipped from the bed and made his way to his office. He warded it shut and cast as many privacy charms as he knew then went to sit at his desk.

He looked over the letters before him. There was one for each member of his family. He gathered them in a pile and looked at the goblin before him. "Make sure that these are handed out once I'm gone."

The goblin took the bundle of letters and looked at Harry in disbelief, "are you sure you want to do this Lord Potter-Black?"

Harry closed his eyes, "I've lived a full life. I want the same for James and all my children."

The goblin shook his head, "very well. I won't argue with that." He hopped out of the chair and headed over to the fireplace. Just before he flooed back to Gringotts the goblin turned around to gaze at Harry, "you have done many things in your lifetime, not all good but not all bad. Despite what happened in your youth, the goblins have always respected you. The world will lose a good man."

Harry closed his eyes, "may the gold run in your favor." He said it in gobblegook and the goblin gave one last smirk before stepping into the fire. It was time for the final part of his plan. Harry knelt down in the fireplace, "Zabini Manor!"

If being somewhat friendly with Malfoy what was even stranger was being friends with Blaise Zabini. Harry had never had any interaction during school, but the former Slytherin was a respected healer at St. Mungo's and Harry had come to know the quiet Italian in his work as an auror.

He smirked as Blaise stumbled from his bedroom, "what do you want Potter?"

Harry closed his eyes, "I'm calling in that favor you owe me."

Blaise raked a hand through his hair, "now?"

Harry nodded, "yes, now. It's important Blaise."

Blaise sighed, "fine. Meet me in my office in 15."

Harry smiled, "thanks Blaise."

Blaise scowled, "yeah, just get going!"

Harry laughed and pulled his head from the fireplace. He took a deep breath. He went into his and Ginny's bedroom. Ginny was sleeping peacefully unaware of what was about to take place. He leaned over and kissed Ginny, "I love you," he whispered. Next, he went into Albus's room. Albus was sleeping on his stomach with the blankets thrown all over the place. Harry took a minute to fix the sheets before planting a kiss on Albus's hair, "Scorpius is an okay guy. I'm proud of you," he softly whispered in Albus's ear. It was Lily's turn. She was sleeping with her favorite stuffed animal that she only slept with when she was upset. Her brows were furrowed and Harry knew that she had fallen asleep worrying about James. He kissed her on the cheek, "I'll always be watching over you," he murmured to her. His final stop was Teddy's room. Even though Teddy was in his late 20's, he still had that boyish charm. Harry sat on Teddy's bed for a few minutes and watched his godson sleep. Harry couldn't wait to see Remus and Tonks so that he could tell them all about their son. He leaned forward and kissed Teddy on the forehead, "take care of them Teddy."

His goodbye's done, he made his way to James's room. He gently lifted James into his arms and with James in tow flooded to Blaise's office at St. Mungo's. Blaise raised an eyebrow, "what's going on Potter?"

Harry set James down on a bed, "I want you to transfer what James has to me."

Blaise was gobsmacked, "are you mental Potter? Madame Pomfrey told me. James has terminal cancer. Do you know what that means?"

Harry nodded, "I know Blaise. I've already written my goodbyes."

Blaise shook his head, "but Harryâ€|this isâ€|final."

Harry looked at his son, "I know, but when I think about it, I've lived a full life. I want James to be able to experience the same things. I want to see him chase his dreams. Start a family. This is the only way. You're a father. Tell me you wouldn't do the same thing so that your children could live."

Blaise was silent. What Harry was saying was true. There wasn't anything that he wouldn't do so that his daughter could live. He closed his eyes and sighed, "fine. Let's get to a room." Harry lifted James up and followed Blaise to a double room. He set James on one bed then got in the other. He placed his hand on Blaise's arm, "the goblins know, so go to them if anyone starts giving you trouble.'

Blaise mutely nodded. He waved his wand and both James and Harry fell into a coma. Blaise couldn't believe this was happening, but he did owe it to Harry. He waved his wand once more, citing the spell and watched as the magic worked. James's body grew tanner and he seemed to grow healthier whereas Harry's body began to grow pale, the

sickness running it's course.

* * *

><p>James suddenly sat up. That dream had been so real. What had his grandparents been trying to say?</p>

"Soâ€|you're awake. Let me run some tests."

James was startled. "Healer Zabini? What am I doing here?"

Healer Zabini closed his eyes and jerked his thumb to the second bed. James's breath caught in his throat and suddenly his grandparent's words made sense. "No!" He jumped out of bed ignoring the realization that he could actually jump and made his way over to his dad's side. "Dadâ€|whyâ€|" tears ran down his face and one landed on Harry's face.

Green eyes opened and Harry gave James a small smile. He reached up and caressed James's hair, "I've lived a full lifeâ€|it's your turn. Be happy."

James shook his head. He had never expected this in a million years. He couldn't imagine life without his dad. Harry suddenly started coughing and James was thrown to the side as Healer Zabini swore, "shit!"

James had no idea what was going on, but slowly moved to stand on the other side. "Dad?" Harry didn't respond. James tried again, "Dadâ€|answer me. This isn't funny." Still no response. Suddenly James felt a hand on his head. He lifted his head up and saw his dad's eyes, "dadâ€|" before James could finish, Harry closed his eyes and his hand grew slack, falling to the ground as his chest stopped rising.

James couldn't breathe. Neither could Blaise. Harry Potter was dead. There was a musical trill and in a blaze of fire, a bird with red and gold plumage settled near Harry's head. Fawkes. The bird let out a thrilling trill that left everyone in the hospital with warm feeling. He plucked a tail from his feather and let it fall on Harry's bed and with one last thrill the bird was off. In various parts of London, the people who were most affected by Harry's life felt a small magical pulse.

Ginny Potter stretched and turned over to say good morning to Harry only to find his side of the bed empty. What's more was that it was cold to her. Harry had been long gone for awhile. The chime of the floo went off and Ginny pulled on her dressing gown and raced to see who it was.

It was Hermione and she was frowning, "did you feel it?"

Ginny blinked as she realized what Hermione was talking about. It seemed that Teddy, Albus and Lily were awake and slowly making their way to the kitchen. Ginny suddenly paled and pushed her way through to James's room, her children hot on her tails.

When she got to James's room she fully expected James to be in his bed. He wasn't. She covered her mouth with her hands as she began to cry. Teddy placed his arm around his aunt, "come on Aunt Ginny. It

might be nothing. Don't start worrying yet."

He pulled her back down the stairs and into the kitchen. Hermione and her family had come through the floo and Hermione took one look at Ginny and wrapped her arms around her friend.

"Ahâ€|here you are Lady Potter. I've been looking for you."

Ginny pulled out of Hermione's arms and turned hesitantly towards the goblin, "yes?"

The goblin held out a stack of letter's, "I was instructed to give these to you." He handed the letters to Ginny, who took them somewhat reluctantly. The goblin popped out and Ginny slowly undid the ribbon holding them together. She could barely make out Harry's handwriting through her tears and she could see that there was one for everyone.

There was a buzzing sound coming from Teddy. He took a small orb out of his pocket, "Healer Zabini. What can I do for you?"

Ginny's head snapped up and she practically ripped the orb out of Teddy's hands, "tell me where my son and my husband are!"

There was a snort on the other side, "hello to you to Red."

Ginny frowned, "I'm not in the mood Zabini."

He sighed, "fine. Come to my office at St. Mungo's." That was it and he cut the line. Ginny turned to Hermione, "can you stay here and watch the house?"

Hermione nodded.

"Wait! I want to go to mum." Albus yelled.

Ginny was about to shake her head when Ron placed his hand on her arm, "they have a right to know what's going on."

Ginny sighed in defeat. "Fine. Meet down here in 10."

Ginny dressed in record time as did her children and they were waiting for her at the fireplace. Teddy held out the floo powder and Ginny grabbed a handful tossing it into the fireplace, "Healer Zabini's office."

She stepped through and was followed by Teddy, Albus and Lily. Blaise Zabini was sitting at his desk with his feet propped up like he was waiting for her. Ginny crossed her arms, "where are they?"

Blaise sighed and dropped his feet, "just don't get mad at me." He led the way down the hall until he came to a stop in front of a private room. He opened the door, "go on."

There was something in his face that made Ginny grow cold with dread. She slowly made her way into the room. "NO!" She cried out as the truth became shockingly clear. She numbly moved over to Harry's bedside and broke down, not caring who could see her. Albus couldn't move he was so shocked. To imagine a life without his dad was something Albus had never wanted to think about. Lily's lip trembled

and she burst into tears. Teddy knelt down and wrapped his arms around the distraught girl, his own feelings swirling within him.

He picked Lily up even though she was nearing fourteen and glared at Blaise, "where is James?"

Blaise waved his hand and Teddy decided to follow him. To his surprise he was led back to Blaise's office. It seemed in their haste to find Harry, they had overlooked James. Teddy swallowed, "Jamesâ€|are you in here?"

"Go away Teddy."

Teddy sighed. He knew that tone of voice. He set Lily down and pulled the curtain back to see James on his side turned towards the wall. His shoulders were shaking and Teddy knew that James had been crying. He sat on the edge of the bed, "Jamesâ€|it was Harry's choice."

James sniffed and finally turned around, "butâ€|it was my fault. If I hadn't gotten sick then dad would still be here."

Teddy inwardly sighed. James really took after Harry. Teddy was sure that no matter how many times he was told, a little part of James would always believe that it was his fault that Harry had died.

Teddy opened his mouth to reply but Lily beat him to it. She jumped on the bed and crawled next to James, "â€|dad wanted you to live a happy life. I want to see your smile again." She began to cry softly, "pleaseâ€|smile again."

James cracked a small smile and hugged his sister close, "I love you Lils." He paused as arms wrapped around his back. James smiled, "hey Al. You came to join the party."

Albus didn't say anything but just tried to wiggle deeper into James's back. James scoffed, "geeze Al. I'm fine. Dad made sure of that."

Teddy smiled at the picture. He joined in the hug burying James underneath them all. "Let me join in on this fun."

James laughed and it was a relief to the other three to hear James's laugh. James grew serious, "I had a dream. I met grandmum and granddad. They told me to tell you they love you and that they'll be waiting."

Lily's eyes grew wide with happiness, "you saw Grandmum and Granddad? What were they like?"

James smiled and popped her on the nose. "You'll just have to wait."

Lily frowned while Teddy and Albus laughed. They stopped laughing as they all saw that Ginny had appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were red and puffy with a touch of sadness but when they landed on James, they lit up with joy. Ginny ran forward and grabbed her oldest to her chest, "Jamesâ€|don't scare me like that ever again."

James swallowed and hugged his mum tight. "Never again. I love you mum."

Ginny sniffed and kissed James on the head, "I love you too and you shouldn't blame yourself."

James bit his lip. Ginny braced his chin to lift his face up to hers, "Harry was always like that. Selfless to his dying breath."

James closed his eyes and nodded. Ginny hugged him tight again her arms reaching out to grab all the kids gathered around James. They stayed that way for a few moments and finally left St. Mungo's to tell everyone what had happened.

It was chaotic. Harry James Potter was laid to rest next to his parents in Godric's Hollow and it seemed like all of England came out to say their final respects to the wizard. James stood near the front with the rest of his family as his dad was lowered into the ground. Lily reached up and grabbed James's hand and gave it a soft squeeze.

He looked up at the sky and vowed to live just the way his father would have wanted.

* * *

><p>A year later:

James Sirius Potter placed the flowers first on his grandparent's graves then on his father's. He sat down in front of his father's grave and began to speak. "Hey dad. It's been a year. I graduated from Hogwarts and am a starting chaser for Puddlemere United." James softly laughed, "it's the best feeling in the world. I wish you could have experienced it. You won't believe it, but Teddy and Victoire had a baby boy. They named him Remus Harry Lupin, after you and Teddy's dad."

James laid back and looked up at the sky, "Albus and Scorpius are moving in together. Mr. Malfoy didn't say anything, but to tell you the truth, I think he's never been the same since you died. Lily is getting close with Lysander, " James snorted, "actually, she's getting close with Lorcan as well. Aunt Luna thinks it will be hilarious if they all end up together."

A shadow moved over James causing James to smirk up at his friend, "hey."

Jackson smiled and plopped down next to James. Kyler plopped down on the other side, "you talking to your dad."

James nodded, "yeah. I can feel like he's here, listening."

Kyler smirked and so did Jackson. They both plopped up on their elbows and glanced down at James who suddenly realized the position they were in. Kyler and Jackson pounced on James causing James to laugh. When he finally pulled free he kissed Kyler on the cheek and did the same to Jackson, "let's go you buffoons."

Jackson grinned, "we may be buffoons, but we're your buffoons." He slung his arm around James, "right Ky?"

Kyler shook his head, "let's just go before we cause Harry to roll over in his grave from stupidity."

James held back and took one last look at his dad's grave. He blinked. He could have sworn he saw his dad sitting on his grave with his trademark goofy grin but as James blinked once more the grave was clear.

James would never forget. He would remember and live.

* * *

><p>Extra:

Harry opened his eyes. The last thing he remembered was seeing James's stricken face and then..nothing.

"HARRY JAMES POTTER! What did you think you were doing!"

Harry froze. He knew that voice. That could only mean one thing. He slowly turned around and tears gathered at the corner of his eyes. "Sirius."

He lasted all of one minute before he flung his arms around Sirius's neck and buried his face in Sirius's shoulder. Sirius wrapped his arms around Harry just as effected. "Hey nowâ€|it's alright Harry."

Harry didn't seem to want to let go, so Sirius turned to his left. "A little help here Moony."

At hearing that name, Harry finally pulled apart and turned to see Remus Lupin. He let go of Sirius and gripped Remus just as hard. Remus smiled and patted Harry on the back, "hey now cubâ€|it's fine. There's someone who wants to see you."

Harry pulled apart and wiped his face, "what?"

Sirius rolled his eyes while Remus face palmed. Harry blinked in confusion, "what did I say?"

"I'm hurt. The first person you want to see is Padfoot. That's just wrong." This was said in his left ear.

"I agree. We've been waiting years plus I'm the one who did all the hard work of giving you life." This was said in his right ear.

Harry froze. These voices could only belong to two people. It was his deepest desire come true. He slowly turned around and couldn't stop crying. His mum was just as beautiful as he had always pictured her and his dad was just as goofy. "Mumâ€|dad."

He launched himself at his mum and Lily smiled, wrapping her arms around her son for the first time in years. Harry had never felt so at home. Mrs. Weasley's hugs didn't do Lily's justice. He pulled back and Lily reached up to brush his hair off his forehead, "you really do look like James."

"Hey," James exclaimed. "You know you dig the Potter look."

Lily blushed and Harry couldn't help but laugh. James smirked over at his son and finally got his turn at holding his son. Harry wrapped his arms around his dad and tried not to let his smile show. His dad was just like Sirius and Remus had always described. It was refreshing.

James pulled back and kissed Harry on the forehead, "we've always been watching over you and your mother and I have never been more proud."

Lily nodded, "even though you look like James, you don't act like him at all. Thank Merlin for that."

James looked hurt while Harry laughed. He would miss Ginny and his kids but he knew that they would come here in their own sweet time. For now, he would enjoy being able to be with his other family.

Sometime later, Harry felt a pull. He blinked and found himself sitting in a graveyard. He softly smiled as he watched James come and place flowers on three graves before sitting down in front of the last one. He couldn't keep the smile off his face as James preceded to tell him what had been going on in the year since he had died.

Harry even laughed a little when he spotted Jackson and Kyler plopping down beside James. He watched the three stand up and begin to walk to the gate when he saw James turn around. He grinned.

James was living and that was all that mattered.

* * *

><p>Wellâ€¢what did you think? I cried as I wrote this. Also, James used a glamour to hide his illness, so that's why people are surprised when its reveled.

End
file.